VOLUME LV CHICAGO, MAY 18, 1905. NUMBER 12

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

THE WORD.

O earth! thou has not any wind that blows
  Which is not music; every weed of thine
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine;
  And every humble hedgerow flower that grows,
And every little brown bird that doth sing,
  Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A living Word to every living thing,
  Though it may hold the Message unawares.

All shapes and sounds have something which is not
  Of them: A Spirit broods amid the grass;
Vague outlines of the Everlasting Thought
  Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The fringes of the sunset and the hills.

—*Richard Realf.*

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY 3939 LANGLEY AVENUE, CHICAGO.

REVISED.

THE TENTH GENERAL MEETING OF THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

DEDICATION OF THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE

Chicago: Corner Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue

MAY 28th TO JUNE 1st

Incorporated June 26th, 1894.

KNOWLEDGE JUSTICE LOVE REVERENCE

To secure a closer and more helpful association in the thought and work of the world, under the great law and life of love. x x Hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation.*

The discussions of the Congress will center so far as possible around "The Coming Church; Its Relation to Education, Civic Government, Social Ethics, Amusements, National and International Morality," etc., etc. More or less directly, its worship, faith, preaching, fellowship, its work as a conscience-guide for social betterment and civic reconstruction, will come in for consideration. The maximum time given to essayists will be confined to thirty minutes and the number so limited as to give time for full and free discussion.

THE FOLLOWING TENTATIVE ANNOUNCEMENT OF PROGRAM

Can be made at this time, subject to change and attractive additions pending further correspondence.

Sunday, May 28

Dedication sermon by Rev. W. C. Gannett of Rochester, N. Y., Sunday morning, 11 a. m. Subject: "The Life of God in the Soul of Man."

8 p. m. Opening sermon of Congress by the President, Rev. Hiram W. Thomas: "Plan and Purpose of the Ages," Revs. R. A. White, Dewhurst, Stoltz and others taking part.

Monday, May 29

8 p. m. Lecture by David Starr Jordan, President of Leland Stanford University. Subject: "Human Degeneration."

2 p. m. Meeting of the Directors and other friends interested in the Congress.

Tuesday, May 30

8 p. m. Social Dedication and Neighborhood Welcome. Short Addresses by the neighborhood pastors, representatives of the public schools, labor organizations, Salvation Army, etc. Refreshments, etc.

Wednesday, May 31.

10 a. m. Business and Conference.

11 a. m. "The Coming Church; the Basis of Its Authority," Rev. W. E. Barton, pastor of the Congregational Church, Oak Park. Discussion opened by Rev. John Faville, Peoria.

12:30 to 2 p. m. Luncheon served by the Ladies of All Souls Church in Lincoln Centre. Everybody invited to stay.

2 p. m. "Social Reorganization," Rev. E. P. Powell. Discussion opened by E. G. Routzahn, Secretary Bureau of Civic Co-operation.

3:15 p. m. "The Church of the Future and Its Relation to the Working People," N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis. Discussion opened by R. A. White.

8 p. m. "Commercial Criminals," Rev. Daniel Evans, Pastor Congregational Church, Cambridge, Mass. "We" versus "I" Ethics, Dr. E. G. Hirsch.

Thursday, June 1

10 a. m. "The Problems of the Coming Church," a Conference.

11 a. m. "The Coming South," Mrs. Vandalia Varnum Thomas.

12:30 to 2 p. m. Luncheon served by the Ladies of All Souls Church in Lincoln Centre. Everybody invited to stay.

2 p. m. "The Coming Church in Relation to Women's Clubs," Mrs. Andrew MacLeish, of the Chicago Woman's Club.

3 p. m. "Institutional Work a Means of Church Salvation," Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Kalamazoo, Mich.

8 p. m. Civic Dedication. William Kent presiding. Ten-minute addresses: "Chicago," Hon. E. F. Dunne, Mayor; "The Church for the State," Prof. Graham Taylor, of the Chicago Commons; "The Law," Judge M. F. Tuley; "Public Service," Edgar Bancroft; "The Public Schools," Supt. E. G. Cooley, of the Chicago Public Schools; "The University," Paul Shorey, of the University of Chicago; "Municipal Policies and Politics," Walter L. Fisher, of the Municipal League; "Democracy," Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House.

Application has been made to the Western and Central Passenger Associations for reduced fares, which will be granted if over one hundred persons paying full fare to Chicago are in attendance.

Visitors will be entertained at private homes or rooms will be engaged in hotels and boarding houses at special rates in the neighborhood on application.

Further particulars given on application. You are cordially invited. If you cannot come yourself, pass along the notice to some one who may come.

Perhaps you can persuade your church or other societies and institutions interested in the work of the Congress to send delegates.

Address

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Gen. Sec., 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, MAY 18, 1905. NUMBER 12

Wisdom is the lamp of love, and love is the oil of the lamp. Love, sinking deeper, grows wiser; and wisdom that springs up aloft comes ever the nearer to love. If you love, you must needs become wise; be wise, and you surely shall love.
—*Maurice Maeterlinck.*

Congress Notes.

The program of the meetings to be held in connection with the dedication of the Abraham Lincoln Centre may be epitomized as follows: Sunday, May 28, at 11 a. m., dedication sermon and services, William C. Gannett, preacher, the Sunday school, Caroline Bartlett Crane and others assisting; 8 p. m., Congress sermon by the president, Dr. H. W. Thomas. All ministers interested in the Congress are specially invited to take seats on the platform. Monday, 2 p. m., meeting of the officers of the Congress and all others interested; 8 p. m., lecture by David Starr Jordan, president Leland Stanford, Jr., University. Tuesday, 8 p. m., social dedication, short addresses by neighboring clergy, reaching from the Salvation Army to the Catholic Church, representatives of the public school and labor organizations, refreshments, etc. All are invited.

Wednesday night the meeting will be in charge of Dr. E. G. Hirsch, the leading address being given by him on "We" *vs.* "I" Ethics. Thursday evening civic dedication, Wm. Kent presiding. Addresses by Mayor Dunne, Judge Tuley, Jane Addams, Graham Taylor, Walter Fisher, Edgar Bancroft, Prof. Shorey and others. During Wednesday and Thursday forenoon and afternoon there will be discussions of the Coming Church; its Relation to the Working People, by N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis. To Women's Clubs, by Mrs. Andrew McLeish, of the Chicago Woman's Club. Institutional Work, by Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, of Kalamazoo. Social Reorganization, by Rev. E. P. Powell. Commercial Criminals, by Rev. Daniel Evans, Cambridge, Mass. The Basis of Its Authority, by Rev. W. E. Barton, Oak Park, Ill., with other speakers. Two papers will be presented at each session with ample time for discussion. The ladies of All Souls Church will make ample provision to give everybody luncheon Wednesday and Thursday in the Abraham Lincoln Centre. Guests from a distance will be welcomed in private homes if notice is sent beforehand. Those preferring accommodation in hotels and boarding houses please notify the committee. It is hoped that this will be an occasion of quickening to many. Old friends and new are urged to come and see and hear and help.

The inaugural address of Benjamin Fay Mills as permanent minister of the Los Angeles Fellowship, printed in an available leaflet is at hand. It sets forth the nature of the Los Angeles Fellowship. Surely if half of the program can be realized it will be a movement of national interest. Rather let us say that not half of the possibilities are here set forth, for "eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard what God hath prepared" for those who seek to serve him in the simplicity of truth, the openness of love and the consecrations of conscience.

"The Bibelot" for April deserves our thanks for reprinting an admirable selection of some of the most beautiful and inspiring passages from George Eliot—both from her exquisite prose, and from her often sublime though little read poetry. "Oh May I Join the Choir Invisible" is called by *The Bibelot* "the greatest poem that Positivism can boast," and Frederick Myers is quoted as saying, "It received its fullest commentary when read above her grave." Certainly in its depths of appeal to all that is noble in the soul, it is inexpressibly grand, worthy of its author, of whom *The Bibelot* says: "Even so the last great Englishwoman of genius fared forth upon her lonely way. Living or dying she was one of a great society over which change and chance are powerless." The little issues of *The Bibelot* are refreshing with the spirit of the Beautiful and the beauty of the spirit.

Some of the readers of UNITY will remember the ante-election sermon published in these columns in which the preacher drew a lesson from the non-partisan triumph of Galveston. The sermon was republished in the *Galveston News,* and the election held on the ninth inst. shows that the non-partisan board was again re-elected on a vote of over three to one. The newspaper reports a striking absence at the polls of " 'campaign promoters,' 'candidate representatives' and others who usually take up their positions around the booths on election day." Thus it is that the object lesson which Galveston is giving in municipal government is to be extended for another two years, and we believe our prediction will be verified that good government will continue at Galveston as long as the political "boss" is kept under and party machines are allowed to remain out of gear.

In *Charities* for May 6th is an article by Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane of Kalamazoo, Michigan, *"The Story of an Institutional Church in a Small City,"* the history of the People's Church of Kalamazoo, 1889-1899, Mrs. Crane's pastorate. The article is intensely interesting and significant as showing the possibilities of an institutional church in the small as well as the large city:

"There are two things I have never been able to understand: why there should exist any doubt as to the wisdom of institutional work in churches; and why, when the wisdom is granted, it should be assumed that the church of the great

city occupies the only field suitable for such work . . . the small city, having just escaped the ignominy of being a country town, and having not yet achieved the pride and self-consciousness and the enormous wealth of a great city, stands in peculiar danger of parting with the pure joys of the one while failing to acquire the compensations of the other . . . . I believe that it is as true of the institutional church as of The Church that "the field is the world;" that there is no church so small, weak, and isolated, that it cannot and ought not find "*a work* of love to do." And surely one need not look long or far for such work to do in the community which, having outgrown the simple conditions of village life, finds itself confronted with many evils common to the great city, and with some peculiar to the small one."

The article is the more apropos as an introduction to the address of Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane at the coming Congress of Religion: *"Institutional Work as a Means of Church Salvation."*

The *Connecticut Magazine,* the quarterly for April, lies before us and it contains a most interesting article entitled "The Last of the Beechers," written by Isabella Beecher Hooker. The article contains the memories awakened on her eighty-third birthday. It is followed by a sketch of Mrs. Hooker's home life, written by Mrs. MacManus, a neighbor, and an appreciation by Francis T. Miller, another neighbor. The article is worthily illustrated and contains the Confession of Faith written by Mrs. Hooker in 1885; also the Universal Litany selected by Mrs. Beecher and recited at a religious service of all nations at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893, which Litany we will print in the columns of UNITY at our earliest convenience. Surely the old newspaper pleasantry which said that "mankind was divided into three classes—saints, sinners and the Beecher family"—carried with it a subtle truth. The Beechers were unique in their force, independence, and splendid sympathies. It would be hard to find another name in American history so identified with the amelioration of life's hardships and liberation of human mind as the name Beecher.

President E. J. James of the University of Illinois has issued an open letter to the graduating classes of the high schools of the state, which contains much wholesome advice, and the wide publication of it must do much good. President James is right in emphasizing to the young men and women of the state the democratic value of the state university. It is mainsects. The hope of democratic America lies in the educational institutions of the state. In view of the increasing costliness of college life and the consequent burden to the common people who have high aspirations, the following paragraph is very timely and we take great pleasure in re-publishing it and begging for it wide circulation:

One other thing should not be lost sight of, and that is that nowadays any young person determined to get a higher education can obtain it, if in no other way, by his own unaided efforts. Of course, if your parents can assist you in going to college, well and good. I should not advise you to reject such aid, but, if they are not in a position to assist you, that is no longer a reason why you should give up the idea of higher education in this age of the world when so many opportunities and so many facilities are opened to the determined boy or girl who is willing to make sacrifices for the sake of higher ends. Nearly half the young people whom I knew in my college days, and who have since made what is commonly called a success of life, earned their own way in whole or in part through college, and it is easier to-day for a young man or young woman to do the same thing than it was thirty years ago when I first entered college.

The Indian Messenger for March 26th contains an illuminating appreciation by V. R. Shinde, of the value of "The Kuran Among the Sacred Books." Mr. Shinde finds in the Kuran: (1) a "perfect unity of system," (2) an "absolute unequivocalness," (3) a "totality or thoroughness," (4) an "extreme simplicity."

"The general presentation of truth is simple and sincere. There is an amazing absence of miracle or mystery . . . Mohammed willingly holds forth his humanity, mortality, and even frailty, insisting at the same time on his apostleship. *'I say not to you "In my possession are the treasures;" nor "I know things secret;" neither do I say to you "verily I am angel, only what is revealed to me I follow."* . . . *Mohammed is nought but a messenger. The messengers have passed away before him. If then he die or be slain, will you turn round upon your heels?'* "

In this non-emphasis upon his own personality combined with a consciousness of his divine message, Mohammed strikingly resembles other great religious leaders of the world. His thought is the Jesus-thought:

"There is none good but One." Yet "I am not alone, but I and the Father." And it is also the Emerson thought: "The soul knows no persons," and the Parker thought: "It is not *my* Truth!" Mr. Schinde asks the question: "Is the Kuran inspired?" and answers well:

"Why! if it is not inspired it is nothing. . . A man born and bred among a tribe of semi-barbarians, who were anything but religious, puts forth before his people; and for the matter of that before the world, purest and sublimest God to worship and fear, and a simple and efficient religion to follow! Nothing less than inspiration can work such wonders."

And yet no other inspiration than is working in all men everywhere—the inner and outer inspiration and revelation of the Over-Soul.

From India to Germany and to California is a long step, but in this case not a far reach of thought. Akin to Mr. Shinde's appreciation of the Kuran is an article entitled: *"Some Results of the Comparison of Religions,"* by Prof. Otto Pfleiderer in the May issue of *"Universal Religion,"* that little paper which voices nobly and clearly the demand of the awakening age for the *"Free, Spiritual and Universal."* "No longer," says Prof. Pfleiderer, in the conclusion of his discussion,

"Can we see in other religions only mistakes and fiction, but under the husks of their legends, many precious kernels of truth must be seen, expressions of inner religious feelings, and of noble ethical sentiments."

Theoretically, all churches of liberal faith to-day share in these sentiments of universality. Practically many, the most, of us, have yet to learn fully the principles of the perfect eclecticism, to escape from the insular, and the exaggerated emphasis upon the near and the inherited, into that catholicity of appreciation which knows no distinction of Christian and Pagan, of Mohammedan and Jewish, of "Unitarian" and "Orthodox," but claims for the shrine of its soul the World, and as its soul-leaders the World-Prophets.

D.

An item in "The Boston Transcript" of May 6th—one of those significant and constantly multiplying items, indicative of the wonderful age of transition in which we live—tells us that: "The Pawtucket Congregational Church of which Rev. Frank J. Goodwin is pastor, besides making changes in the form for receiving members, has eliminated from its articles of faith a statement of belief in Eternal punishment. . . . Only three dissenting votes were cast against the changes, although the congregation is one of the largest in the city." More significant still is an item in *The Christian Life and Unitarian Herald* for April 22nd, entitled Churchmen and the Higher Criticism: "A new movement within the Church of England, which is likely to have far-reaching effects, is announced in a manifesto which was issued on Wednesday, signed by nearly a hundred clergymen, including three deans. Its central object is to secure recognition of the results of Biblical criticism, and greater tolerance for advanced ideas with regard to the Virgin Birth, the Incarnation, and cognate doctrines." Daily we feel more keenly that we are on the threshold of the Renaissance of the soul of Religion; that mighty currents of influence are moving beneath the surface of to-day. We stand with quickening pulse, waiting with breathless pause that which is heralded—the great Awakening. — D.

The Poisoned Well.

President Roosevelt's recent visit to Chicago was well characterized by one of the city preachers last Sunday as a "moral tonic." His stay was but for a few hours but those hours were spent with characteristic strenuousness. He was entertained by the Hamilton Club, the Merchants' Club, and banqueted to the full by the Iroquois Club. The Hamilton Club is the republican-party-right-or-wrong-club of Chicago. The Iroquois represents all the stately and stiff-backed traditions of the democratic party. It is ever hurrahing for Jefferson and Jackson. Mr. Roosevelt himself spoke vigorous and sane words to the capitalists who protest against national interference with railroad rates, etc., and to the union strikers who in Chicago have been mistaking repeatedly liberty for license and in the name of organization are arraigning themselves against the powers that make organizations safe and profitable.

The President represented in his person, his present official position and in his spoken utterances, the very spirit of independence. He discussed questions that run across party lines in a way and arrived at conclusions that would absolutely disrupt all party organizations in the country if the voters were to be organized along these lines.

Roosevelt is President by virtue of the independent vote. His utterances in the truly splendid speech before the Iroquois Club were heartily applauded by democrat and republican alike, and probably if the truth were known were very much more acceptable to the leading democrats than to the leading republicans there assembled, while his presence at that banquet table was a source of chagrin if not of resentment to the youthful republican shouters of the Hamilton Club.

"All party questions die at the water's edge," said President Roosevelt, meaning, as the context showed, that the great questions in international politics, economy and morals do not run parallel with any party issue. But the "water's edge" in this connection has little significance, for these lines are obliterated on the land as well as on the sea. All party issues die outside the venal boundaries of the caucus room, the lobby chambers and the mysterious realm ruled by the "bosses" and the partisan committees. In the legislative halls of state and of nation the great questions—industrial, ethical and international—absolutely defy and confuse the partisan "bosses."

Notwithstanding this fact and in the face of the splendid refutation in his own personality, President Roosevelt had to begin his speech by saying "ours was necessarily a government of parties," or words to that effect. This and a certain archaic commendation of an increased navy as gospel instrumentalities were the only "flatting" of the notes in the heroic song which the President sang in Chicago last week.

One is at a loss to know whether the opening utterances were a sop thrown to the party Cerberus present, or whether it was simply an unmeaning platitude which even so original a man as the President must sometimes deal in in order to get under way, or whether it may not be an echo of that unconverted and unredeemed corner of the President's soul which is still dominated by the old superstition that that may be right for party's sake that would otherwise be wrong, or that the party must be kept in power that it eventually may be good. It is to be feared that this is an echo of that partisanship that has been responsible for the presidential offense that made Postmaster General of such a venial partisan as General Payne of Wisconsin and elevated to naval honors the unsavory little "Doctor" Jamieson of Chicago. Be that as it may, the party spirit is the mephitic gas at the bottom of the well that blights and wilts even the most heroic when they go down to clean it out. The subtle poison of this partisan superstition is seen on the eve of every election. No matter how heroic and clear sighted the voter may be six months before the election, no matter how strenuously he may defy the "bosses" and threaten vengeance before the iniquitous caucus and the disgraceful convention are convened, after the ticket is formed, then meekly one after another they fall into line, begin to cheer and go to the polls lustily shouting for the "G. O. P." or the "invincible, the unconquerable tiger," the old democracy of Jefferson and Jackson.

Notwithstanding this periodic enthusiasm, it is the clear revelation of current political studies that the great questions of government ownership of public utilities, of civil service reform, of the control of the

liquor traffic and the gambling iniquities connected therewith, of just taxation, better education and better country roads, are all confused by party interferences.

The legislature of the state of Illinois has just adjourned in disgrace. The much promised civil service law is less than "half a loaf." All the fat positions now occupied by the incompetent politicians, rendered incompetent by their political obligations and aspirations, which are all selfish, are reserved for the further service of politics and its "bosses." The primary law is so manipulated as to make independency more difficult and politically more disgraceful than ever before. In certain stages of the public ownership legislation the vote was purely a party vote, showing that public welfare was subordinated to party success. But it is not necessary to specialize; it is a notorious fact that the chief anxiety that kept the legislature in session week after week was to keep up the fences, not to do any business that would mar the political chances or menace the perpetuation of the domination of the dominant. Partisanship is the poison in the well that menaces the well being of city, state and nation. It debilitates the conscience, devitalizes the will and brings on blindness.

What the cure? The growth of independence. The right of the independent must be safeguarded as much as the right of the partisan. It must be made as easy for the independent to express his choice at the primary and at the election as it is for the party man. Academically this is not a difficult thing to do. Practically the accomplishment may be very far off simply because the partisans on both sides, fully realizing their danger, are vigilant in their opposition. They can be overcome only by education, an increase of patriotism, an enlargement of the realm of altruism in the domain of citizenship. But this is by no means a hopeless or even a remote possibility. Moral forces in the end are invincible.

A Prayer for Sad Pilgrims.

Lord God, I have not over-vexed Thine ears
With meek requirements nor with wild, weak tears;
I have not beat upon thy listening gates
To save mine argosies with precious freight;
Nay, surely, my petitions have not stirred
Upon Thy patient lips one weary word.

The trivial thorns that sting my naked feet,
The pool of Marah that I dreamed was sweet,
The golden day I touched, and touching lost,
Lord God, it were not meet that Thou the cost
Of these my sorrows recompense again—
I would not burden Thee with prayers of pain.

Strange, then, my scanty confidence today;
I kneel beside this dreary, dusty way
To ask not where my troublous paths do trend,
Nor when my sorry pilgrimages end;
Grant but such wayside happiness to find,
Lord God, as I discern in mine own kind.

—*Emery Pottle.*

Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the tune, and not to be dismayed at the rests. They are not to be slurred over, not to be omitted, not to destroy the melody, not to change the key-note.—*Ruskin.*

THE PULPIT.

Faith Reinforced by Prophecy; A Forward Look.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, MAY 7, 1905.

Last Sunday I spoke of Faith as reinforced by history. This morning I propose to discuss the reinforcements of prophecy. Faith, as I understand it, is best represented by the words "confidence," "fidelity," "faithfulness." Faith is evidenced by courage; by the cheerfulness that endures hardness uncomplainingly; that carries burdens without flinching; that works on when things seem to be against us; that is courageous under discouraging circumstances.

In my last sermon I tried to show that history, whether written in the large sweep of the centuries or in the shorter span of individual experience, justifies the belief that "the dice of God are loaded" in the interest of virtue and progress.

But now a truce to history while I try to show that by nature man is a hoping animal, and that the greater the man, the larger the hope; the nobler the spirit, the more adventurous it is. There is a prevision that belongs to the faithful heart, a foresight that is born of insight; there is a light of heaven blazing up from within in every soul, and the greater the soul the clearer is the light. Says Dr. Bartol:

"The prophet finds that within the interior is a firmament that kindles the sparkling vault. Love and conscience are his stars. He is not flung out as a meteor but unfolded as a flower."

My point is that splendid helpers have noble expectations; that, rightly or otherwise, in proportion as life is excellent, it lays hold of the future. The hopeful may reckon without their host; they may be mistaken, but the fact remains that the timid, the faithless, those who are afraid of innovations, whose persistent plea is to tradition and precedent, and who distrust the validity of all lamps except the flickering, smoking, and oftentimes dying lamp of their own experience,—in short, the faithless,—necessarily part company with the more lovable, the more intelligent, more forceful leaders of the world. For they with Browning believe

"The best is yet to be,"

and with Lowell climb the mountain summits

"Which stretch far upwards into heaven itself
And give such wide-spread and exulting views
Of hope, and faith, and onward destiny."

However weary the soul may become there is a voice that speaks with a clearness proportionate to its excellence, that a

"New day is to spring from under ground,
A better light is to dawn out of the murky darkness."

In darkest times, under cruelest wrongs, this voice is heard declaring for a power that is wearing away the evil and ushering in the good, that is

"Ringing out the old, ringing in the new—
Ringing out the want, the care, the sin,
Ringing in the love of truth and right,
Ringing out the false, ringing in the true,
Ringing in the common love of God."

Those whom the ages unite in calling prophets are not soothsayers or fortune tellers, who predict specific events and dates, but they who are buoyed by a faith in the future that seems unwarranted by the facts of the present. Zoroaster, in the presence of military arrogance and monarchic conceits, taught that the time was coming when peasant and king would mingle together in social communion. The Roman bard predicted a time when master and servant would change

places, and Isaiah saw the coming of the "Servant" that

"Shall cause laws to go forth to the nations.
He shall not fail nor become weary,
Until he shall have established justice on the earth,
And distant nations shall wait for his law."

Far away back in the valley of the Ganges some Hindu sage foresaw the coming of a divine incarnation:

"A god in the shape of man, who by his word will establish the reign of truth and justice and will purge the earth of sinners and it will be inebriated with prosperity and gladness." And to this day the emaciated devotees sitting under the palm trees on the banks of that sacred river, beat their breasts and wear away the hour with the cry:

"When will the Helper come?
When will the Deliverer appear?"

Even China, the standstill of the nations, the most conservative of people, long ago dreamed of a golden age hid in the womb of the future. An old commentator on Confucius said:

"We know that the Holy One shall be born upon the earth, yet He existed before anything was made. . . . . The Holy One will unite in Himself the virtues of heaven and earth. By His justice the world will be reëtablished in the works of righteousness. He will labor and suffer much. He must pass the great torrent and its waves shall enter His soul."

This reinforcement of faith by prophecy is something much more virile than idle longings or luxurious dreaming of coming ease and plenty. The greatest prophet of Jewry, the sublime unknown of the Babylonish captivity, foresaw the coming of one "who would cause nations to exalt and kings to shut their mouths before him." But he saw also that such an one must be

"Despised and forsaken of men,
A man of sorrows and acquainted with disease;
One from whom men hide their faces,
Despised and esteemed not.
He shall bear our diseases,
And carry our pains,
And be esteemed as one stricken from above,
Smitten of God and afflicted."

These prophetic reassurances are not confined to the seers of the East or to the sacred pages of oriental bibles. Charles Sumner's "Prophetic Voices About America" is one of the greatest monographs in American literature. He shows how Columbus's inspiration came to him largely from the studying of the words of those who before him had

"Dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."

Fourteen hundred years before the great Admiral landed at San Salvador, Seneca wrote:

"In tardy years the epoch will come in which the ocean will unloose the bonds of nature and the great earth will stretch out and the sea will disclose new worlds, nor will Thule be the most remote part of the globe."

At a still earlier date Strabo, the Greek geographer, ventured to say:

"There may be in the same temperate zone two or more inebriated lands prolonged into the Atlantic Ocean."

Before the generous Spanish Queen pawned her jewelry, Pulci, an Italian poet, sang:

"His bark
The daring mariner shall urge far o'er
The western wave, a smooth and level plain,
Albeit the earth is fashioned like a wheel.
Man was in ancient days of grosser mould,
And Hercules might blush to learn how far
Beyond the limits he had vainly set
The dullest sea-boat soon shall wing her way.
Man shall descry another hemisphere,
Since to one common center all things tend;
To earth by curious mystery divine
Well balanced, hang the starry spheres:
At our Antipodes are cities, states,
And thronged empires, ne'er divined of yore.
But see the sun speeds on his western path
To glad the nations with expected light."

After the new continent was revealed to Europe, then prophecy reinforced faith with a foresight that now seems almost weird. Some humble poet, who is perhaps even yet unknown, sent to Sir Thomas Browne a prophetic song predicting the time

"When New England shall trouble New Spain,
When Jamaica shall be lady of the isle and the main;
When Spain shall be in America hid,
And Mexico shall prove a Madrid;
When Africa shall no more sell out their blacks,
To make slaves and drudges to the American tracts;
* * *
When America shall cease to send out its treasure,
But employ it at home in American pleasure;
When the New World shall the Old invade,
Nor count them their lords but their fellows in trade."

This started the prophetic brain of the quaint Sir Thomas, and ninety-four years before the "shot heard round the world" was fired at Lexington, he wrote a prophetic commentary on the same. Fifty years before the Declaration of Independence was signed, Bishop Berkeley sang his famous hymn of the distant lands that were awaiting a better time:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way.
The four first acts already past
The fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

The day after the signing of the Declaration of Independence John Adams wrote to his wife:

"Yesterday the greatest question was decided which ever was debated in America, and a greater perhaps never will be decided among men. . . . I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized by pomp and parade, and shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore. You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this Declaration, and support and defend these states. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the ray of light and glory; and that posterity will triumph in that day's transactions even though we should rue it, which I trust God we shall not."

Dear Robert Burns, ninety-eight years before the event, predicted the Philadelphia Centennial. Arthur Young, an English writer on agriculture, predicted the French Revolution while the so-called foremost minds rested in their luxuries and their confidences. At the beginning of the present century William Cobbitt, an Englishman, foretold the southern secession, and poor Heine, the tortured poet, predicted the Franco-German war. In 1832, on a stormy night in a little school house on what was then called "Nigger Hill" in Boston, twelve men organized the Anti-Slavery Society, at which meeting Lloyd Garrison, then a young man unknown and unfeared, who was to become the great Isaiah of the movement, said:

"Our numbers are few and our influence limited, but mark my prediction: Faneuil Hall shall ere long echo with the principles we have set forth; we shall shake the nation by their mighty power."

He is a superficial student of human nature, an unsafe thinker, who comes to look at these previsions as only "happy guesses," "chance hits" in the Bible or out of it. Rather are they the great shadows of coming events thrown back upon the sensitive plate of the enkindled soul. They are the secrets of God made known to the God-like, not indeed whispered in the outward ear like pass words at the lodge door, but divine pre-

sentiments of coming glory or shame felt by the soul that is in league with the Over-Soul. The forces that made the human heart are shaping the destinies of men and of nations, hence the free-masonry that exists between the God-made because they are God-like. "Second sight is little more than clearness of sight. Men who have loved much, felt strongly, see further than others," said Charles Sumner, and how nobly he verified his own hypothesis. Law governs the realms of mind as of matter. The same power that weighs force and measures space, anticipates results and forecasts events. Adams in England and Leverrier in France, and perhaps others, simultaneously predicted the existence of the undiscovered planet, and when the Berlin astronomer pointed his telescope in that direction, lo! it was there waiting for him. Whewell declared that there was a point in the North Sea where there was neither rise nor fall of the tide. Captain Hewett of the Royal English navy went in search of that point and found it. Tyndall lying in his tent divined the secret of the Glacier. He then climbed the mountain, set his stakes, and in due time his intuition was verified.

These facts indicate that in the realms of morals and religion, the affairs of human society, the domain of ethics, there are calculable forces, and he who is most competent to measure these forces, the man who rests most serenely in the thought of justice, duty and God —his faith is reinforced by prophecy. There is a gravitation of soul as of the atom. Law runs through the measureless expanses of human life as through the star-studded spaces of heaven. There are tides, fixed currents and gulf streams in the ocean of soul as in the waters of the deep, Messianic expectations, prophetic visions in the realm of spirit, but the foresights of the business man apply to the permanent concerns of soul.

Do you ask for the sources of prophecy, the spring out of which flow the promises of life that so sustain the soul? The sources of all springs are subterranean. No man can trace the river to its beginnings, for each fountain head is dependent upon resources from fountains farther back. But we can see that one element of prophecy lies in the sense of the inadequacy of the attained, the incompleteness of the present. The cellar, though incomplete, implies a superstructure; the foundation hints at a cornice. When we see quarried stone, brick, mortar, lumber being assembled in the neighborhood of a vacant lot, we confidently predict the house, and when the material is being put in place, the first story will suggest the character and uses of the unbuilded portion. The fertile prairies of the Mississippi valley argued a complex civilization when the buffalo, the coyote and the wild Indian were the occupants. He who erected the first grocery on the bank of the muddy stream that poured itself into yonder lake, prophesied Chicago. He was made by Chicago, not Chicago by him. John C. Fremont, the path-finder of the Rockies, was an incarnate voice crying:

"Prepare ye the way of Jehovah. Make straight in the desert a highway for God, for he will send his messenger, he will pour his spirit upon him and he will make the wilderness a fruitful field.'

Emerson believed in the heaven he was made to forecast. The earnest expectations of the enthusiast, whether in the Bible or out of it, are the promissory notes of the Almighty, redeemable at his bank when appropriately countersigned and properly presented. The dullest, most lawless period in the history of the Jews was that period when they tried to live on their traditions. Read the Book of Judges and grow sick over it. Not until Samuel and his successors began to dream dreams, not until the prophets moved up and down in schools, did Jewry begin to grow. Complacency is next door to rottenness and death. Where there are no unrealized hopes, no visions of unpainted pictures, no echoes of unsung songs, you may be sure there is degeneracy and death. Better be an old-fashioned Jew waiting with trembling anxiety for the coming of his Messiah, plotting with magnificent energy to rehabilitate Zion, than to be an old-fashioned Christian who believes that the Lord of heaven and earth has arrived; that an adequate Savior was born nineteen hundred years ago and died thirty years later; that there is nothing more to be expected out of God's book of revelation; that the Infinite resources were exhausted on Calvary.

One tomorrow is worth a thousand yesterdays as a reinforcement of faith. For eighteen hundred years the homeless Jew has lived because he has never been hopeless. Paul was in the line of the prophets, was Jewish to the core, when he exhorted us to "forget the things that are behind and press forward to the things that are before." Jesus was a great hoper; he was a forward looker; his message was "Let the dead bury their dead." Follow me into the severities, the obscurities, the perplexities of the future, and then "greater things than these can ye do."

There is something solid in the faith that rests upon the consciousness of present imperfections. The citadel of faith is impregnable when it is based upon a consciousness of defects, born out of discontent and humility. I believe in the future of Chicago because it is inadequate to its opportunities, reckless with its resources, unmindful of its privileges; because it is torn with factions, blistered with passions, steeped in greed and selfishness, menaced with the riot of labor on the one hand and the no less alarming riot, conceit and complacency of capital on the other; because I believe that such splendid resources, such sublime opportunities, such immeasurable possibilities, cannot be thwarted, must not be defeated. Chicago must find its nobler destiny and by its very mistakes grow wise and "rise on stepping stones of its dead self to better things."

But there is more in prophecy than the argument from incompleteness, or any other argument. Prophecy is the unconscious witness of uninvested energy; it is the expression of that potency of the universe back of all our plannings, behind all our arguments, greater than all our schemes.

The lilacs do not bloom by appointment or according to plan; the apple trees are not beautiful for economic reasons; little lambs are not gamboling in the meadows today, any more than do the children skip about in front yards and alleys for hygienic reasons. All these witness to the tides of life sweeping forward through all the pores of the universe.

Prophecy witnesses to a divine potency in the universe, the coiled spring at the core of things. Prophecy is not mere longing; it is striving. There are plenty of stingy men who will do a lot of generous wishing, who are lavish with their hopes; there are plenty of pious ecstasies that are very unprofitable, a lot of pledges to honor and to law, to justice and respectability, that are disreputable, depressing, impious. Let none of these be mistaken for prophecy. Prophecy is energetic, executive, initiative. There is an element of divine audacity in prophecy. They are the children of God who, fearless of consequences, plunge forward, who take up hard tasks, who break with convention and grapple with the ideal; who dare launch forth in the interest of untried verities, forming new runlets in the tissues of brain for the currents of life to run in.

To the state as to the individual, the pledge of faith is prophecy, not accomplishment. The conditions of

civic righteousness are not all codified; there are duties not in the statute books, perplexities not provided for in the decisions of the courts or the enactments of any legislature or congress. Such an emergency is upon Chicago today. Economic problems, civic obligations, industrial adjustments of vast import are upon us and there is no ready-made solution provided for by the judgments, enactments and experiences of the past. He who sees an easy solution to the present lamentable disorder, who has the conceit to think that the right and the wrong of it is a matter of "sides," a "yes" or "no," is blind in intellect and imbecile in conscience. The only hopefulness in the situation lies in the fact that all precedents, regulations and rules, and the old individual ethics of simpler social conditions, are proving themselves inadequate. The man or men on either side who are cock-sure that they "know just what to do," that they see "the right of it," are by this very conceit convicted of their insufficiency; they are either wrong-hearted or wrong-headed, or both. It is not a question of successfully mobilizing the crowds upon the streets; it is not a question of what was the right and the wrong in the contentions of either party seven months ago when the labor dispute originated; it is not a question of what was right or wrong last week. Every day, every hour, shifts conditions and calls for new solutions. In this awful but hopeful perplexity, this groping towards a more just relationship, a more benign social fabric, there is necessarily much right and much wrong on both sides. In the hopeful confusion incident to a reorganization of social and industrial conditions, no man or body of men have a right to refuse to submit their case to a jury of their peers, when by withholding it the serenity of the community, the rights of the innocent, the safety of society, are endangered.

And one thing more. We are in a state of war, and war ethics prevail, a condition which is always degrading to both sides. All appeals to force are ever harking back to savagery, whether that force wields bullets or brickbats. Physical force will never settle any question on its merits; it will only settle which is physically the stronger, leaving all the delicate adjustments of trade and conscience more confused than ever, plus an inheritance of bitterness, an entailment of hatred and cruelty.

Prophecy today demands of employer and employe in Chicago that they cease hostilities, confess their sins, acknowledge the bitterness brought about, not by one mistake, but by hundreds of mistakes, not on one side, but on both sides, and that they hasten to make amends by brotherly overtures to any wise tribunal constituted on lines mutually agreed upon and prepare themselves to abide by such decision. "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." Where shall we turn for ideal conduct in business or in the ranks of labor? Where is the spotless house or the sinless union? Both sides came into this lamentable struggle with a black inheritance of many wrong things said and done.

All right-minded men and women should unite in rebuking arrogance, condemning violence, shaming dogmatism in this emergency, and demand that peace be sought on the one high road that alone will bring lasting peace—an appeal to intellect and conscience, a submittal of the social, commercial, and ethical tangle to such adjustment as may be reached by high, though fallible tribunal.

Talk about justice! There is no justice in times of war. As Herbert Spencer has so clearly shown, there can be under such conditions only provisional ethics. Ideal ethics presupposes the pacific adjustments that lead to peace. If religion is good for anything it is good for this emergency. If the Golden Rule is anything but a Sunday platitude, it is applicable to the present situation. Let us read the Sermon on the Mount today in Chicago or else close our New Testaments and quit our hypocrisy.

I must not forget that this sermon is one of the three vindications of faith I would speak in these dedicatory weeks of the Abraham Lincoln Centre. Last week I tried to justify the faith that reared these walls by an appeal to history. Today I would justify the same walls by an appeal to prophecy. They are justified by virtue of the great work that needs to be done here; by virtue of the high hopes they represent; by virtue of the difficulties that await us. The spirit of prophecy summons us within these walls to "serve the Lord with gladness; to come before his presence with thanksgiving, for he is our Lord." For in the might of his name we go forward to do that which the ages have pronounced impossible and our contemporaries regard as impractical. Prophecy calls for sweat and self denial; it summons us to uphill tasks, bids us to die trying. There is no hopefulness in apathy, no cheerfulness in selfishness, no joy in laziness. All these are symptoms of decay, and when they appear you hear the death-rattle of the spirit.

There is psychical truth in the claim that the Jews failed to recognize their Messiah, however the textual and historical cases may stand. The human heart always fails adequately to appreciate the power of the ideal; it fails to heed the beginnings of prophecy. We never get what we expect, we always get something better. God's bounty ever overflows our waiting cups; his deliberation over-reaches our impetuosity. Divine realizations are always greater than human anticipations. Our dreams fail because our realizations are better, not worse. God uses us for larger mission than our little "jobs" would indicate. The simplicity of Eden is not for us. No backward-looking across the centuries will discover the star of Bethlehem. Wise men are still traveling westward. We are worthy of our fore-elders only when we take up the line of march and move onward. Not what they have done but what we are doing is the measure of our lives. If we would know the potency and the peace of God, if we would be sons and daughters of the King, we must be measured by our purposes and comforted by our aspirations, for

"All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weigh not as his work, yet swell the man's amount;
* * *
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I am worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

What They Say of the Congress. Extracts from the Secretary's Letter.

FROM EDWARD S. AMES, DEPARTMENT OF PHILOSOPHY, THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO:

"I am glad to have the announcement of the Congress of Religion, and shall be happy to attend. I congratulate you on the completion of Lincoln Centre, and hope to be present at the dedication."

FROM JAMES N. LORENZ, PRESIDENT OF THE COSMOPOLITAN CLUB OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY:

"The Cosmopolitan Club of Cornell University has received, through Professor Hoxie, your invitation to send a representative to the Congress of Religion. The Club is grateful for the invitation, and has decided to send a representative. At our next regular meeting we expect to have a series of talks on the

general topic of the 'Coming Church.' This by the way of opening up the field to the Club."

FROM FLORENCE BUCK, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN:

"Thank you very much for the invitation to the Congress. I shall certainly be present at some of the sessions, and have no doubt some of my people will, too. One wants to ask blessings on your splendid work;; but I know well you are most blessed in seeing the fulfilment of the plans and purposes of years in the completion of Lincoln Centre."

REV. FREDERICK C. PRIEST, CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, CHICAGO:

"I have received the official invitation to myself and the Church of the Redeemer to be present at the Tenth General Meeting of the Congress of Religion. . . . I shall be happy to accept the invitation, and am confident that it will also give pleasure to some of the people of my church to accept it. I rejoice in the splendid achievement that gives to this city and the world Abraham Lincoln Centre. It is an admirably conceived, splendidly executed structure, perfectly adapted for the housing of the various interests henceforth to find in it a home; but it is, and long, I trust and pray, it is to be, infinitely more than a mere noble structure and a good home for religious, ethical and literary interests: it is to be a centre of influence, from which shall radiate to every part of this great cosmopolitan city, to every section of this broad land and mighty continent, to the uttermost regions of the earth, the uplifting, ennobling principles of Knowledge, Justice, Love, Reverence and Humanity!"

FROM DR. H. W. THOMAS, PRESIDENT . . . . . .

"We are full of the coming Congress and Dedication; they mean so much for the future. . . ."

FROM DUREN J. H. WARD, PASTOR OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, IOWA CITY, IOWA:

"You are holding out a most inviting prospect. I should be delighted to be present at the dedication and at the Congress. I regard the consummation of this effort and the dedication of the Lincoln Centre Church as one of the great events of these times, and I shall try so to combine my various affairs as to be present during a part of the time."

FROM REV. WILLIAM E. BARTON, D. D., FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OAK PARK, ILLINOIS:

"If my paper on 'The Seat of Authority in Religion' can be used as one of the papers in the Congress I shall be glad, and there will be plenty left for others to say of 'Its Fellowship'—which fellowship I shall be glad to share."

FROM REV. CAROLINE BARTLETT CRANE, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

"I will show that if the church wants to hold the young who constitute the future of the church, and the women who so largely constitute its present, the church must find its Monday-to-Saturday mission and straightway fulfil it."

FROM REV. DANIEL EVANS, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.:

"I look forward with pleasure to coming to Chicago, and to meeting you and other good men of the 20th century. The subject on which I am to read a paper may be compactly phrased thus: 'The Coming Church and Commercial Criminals.'"

FROM REV. C. E. ST. JOHN, SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, BOSTON:

"It gives me pleasure to notify you that at the meeting of the directors of the American Unitarian Association, held on May 9th, it was unanimously voted to appoint as the representative of the American Unitarian Association, at the forthcoming meeting of the Congress of Religion, at Chicago, and at the dedication of Lincoln Centre, Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D. D., the President of the Association. Permit me to add that the directors of the Association are cordially interested in this dedication, the outcome of so much earnest and faithful labor on your part, and we hope the occasion will be everything that you can hope."

FROM E. P. POWELL, CLINTON. N. Y.:

"I start tomorrow for New York. . . . I shall aim *not* to get so fixed that I cannot be with you. I much desire it. The old is dead. We have got to face a new demand. Whether *we* are the called we can find out."

FROM DR. R. HEBER NEWTON, NEW YORK. Owing to illness in his family he writes:

"How badly I feel! I wanted so much to be by your side, my true friend, in the happy hour of your life, and say a word with and for you. And, of course, to share in the Congress. What to do I know not."

FROM N. O. NELSON, ST. LOUIS, MO.:

"Very good, I will talk about 'The Kind of a Church that will Enlist the Sympathies of the Laborer,' and I will make it inside of twenty minutes, provided you will bargain that the bell shall ring if I reach the limit."

FROM REV. LESLIE WILLIS SPRAGUE, MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY:

"I cannot come to the Congress and the Dedication of Lincoln Centre, much as I should like to be there; but I want to be represented, if in a very little way, and so, as a little thank offering for the much that All Souls Church has meant to me, and with every wish for your success, I send in the mite that I am able to pull out of something else. Go on, old friend, and let the future be worthy of the glorious past!"

FROM LEWIS J. DUNCAN, BUTTE, MONTANA:

"I do most heartily congratulate you upon this happy realization of your years—long hope, and this fruition of your labors. May All Souls Church live long in its new home to radiate the Life, Light and Love in which it has been so faithfully nurtured."

FROM REV. ALFRED W. MARTIN, SOCIETY FOR UNIVERSAL RELIGION, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON:

"All possible success to you in your splendid enterprise. I hope to look in on you on our return from Europe in September or early October."

FROM MRS. MARTHA H. MACLEISH, GLENCOE, ILL.:

"I am so glad for you and with you that you can dedicate Lincoln Centre this spring. That sort of a church will go a long way in the solution of the Woman's Club question."

FROM EDWIN D. MEAD, BOSTON:

"It is an occasion of much regret to me that I am not able to help you more about the Congress. On May 26th comes the convention of the F. R. A. . . . and I am heavily mortgaged for that. . . . I hope the Peace cause will be well represented at the Congress. . . . I wish you great success and congratulate you upon getting into the new home."

REV. MARION FRANKLIN HAM, DALLAS, TEXAS, FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH:

"I wish to say that I am in hearty sympathy with any effort to promote religious fellowship along nonsectarian lines. I wish you success in the good undertaking—and especially in the launching of the new building under its noble banner. I may not see it slip into the great seas of usefulness—but I know that it will ride the waters jauntily and carry its precious freight to the far-off port. All honor to the captain who shall order it—and the helmsman who shall steer it."

FROM PROFESSOR NATHANIEL SCHMIDT, OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY, WRITING FROM BEIRUT, SYRIA:

"Yes, I am delighted to know that there is to be another Congress. My heart will be with you, while I blush to think how little I can do to make it the suc-

cess it ought to be. Fortunately you will be there, and there are more prophets who have not bowed their knee to the Baal of sectarianism than we are sometimes inclined to think. I have found some here that I must tell you about. But here is the *busta*. More in Sidon or Tyre. . . . I am too far away to give any advice as to the Congress. But I can assure you that I am as deeply interested in it as ever. My experience in dealing with Mohammedans and Christians of all types in Jerusalem, where religious feeling is intense, very intense, and elsewhere in Syria, has only strengthened my faith. I look back with gratitude to the impulse given by yourself and the cause you have so nobly championed to my own inner life, and with hopefulness look forward to some chance of showing my appreciation. As a director I fear I have been able to do much less than my fellow-laborers, but what I can I shall always gladly do for Lincoln Centre or the Congress of Religion."

FROM REV. GEORGE W. STONE, FIELD SEC'Y FOR THE A. U. A. FOR THE PACIFIC STATES DEP'T.:

"I am glad to see that you are to have Dr. Jordan with you. I regard him as the strongest man on this coast. I think he is out of all sympathy with the ancient theological views."

FROM REV. S. R. CALTHROP, SYRACUSE, N. Y.:

"I send my hearty congratulations to you and your congregation on the completion of Lincoln Centre. May it be a power for good along the years. It is out of my power to come to Chicago for your next Congress. I can only send my best wishes for its success."

FROM REV. CHAS. W. WENDTE, BOSTON:

"Nothing would please me more than to be at your dedication and at the Congress. It is still uncertain whether I can come. Be assured of my hearty congratulations and best wishes."

FROM PRES. WM. L. BRYAN, INDIANA UNIVERSITY:

"There is no doubt about my obligation to you. Please let me know as soon as possible the date of the meeting of the Congress of Religion. I have many other engagements and may not be able to come, but I hope to be able to arrange to do so." (Subsequently the engagements did interfere.)

FROM E. G. ROUTZAHN, SECRETARY BUREAU OF CIVIC COOPERATION, CHICAGO:

"If the Congress would be interested in the type of civil effort, in relation to the church, suggested by enclosed definition, or in the training in citizenship which is being taken up by some of our more progressive schools and which has some direct relation to the church-work among the children, an interpretation of that sort would be of value."

FROM REV. HENRY MOTTET, CHURCH OF THE HOLY COMMUNION, NEW YORK CITY:

"I should have esteemed it a great privilege to participate with you in the approaching Parliament, but at present I am very short-handed, and furthermore, I am burdened with an accumulation of work which it is impossible for me to delegate. Perhaps in a subsequent year when conditions are more favorable, you will give me another opportunity."

FROM REV. J. HERMANN RANDALL, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.:

"I am more sorry than I can express that a promise to deliver two Commencement addresses on the 1st of June will prevent me from attending the "Congress of Religion." Had I known it earlier I should certainly have turned down the commencements for the Congress. As it is I can only look forward expectantly 'to the next time.'"

"The Wisdom of Solomon."

The Wisdom of Solomon, one of the Apochryphal books, is not dramatic like others preceding it, it is not a story, it hasn't even a thread of narrative running through it to weave it together. It is rather a superb mosaic, wrought by a master workman.

There are many rare gems, sometimes set in elaborate perspective, but they are gems and scintillate with the pure luster of untarnished, untarnishable truth. The marvelous part of it is, that, after we have admired these spiritual gems individually, then comparatively, in their artistic settings, it gradually grows upon us that there is something more. As we try to grasp the meaning of this dawning impression the whole resolves itself into a heroic figure, Godlike in proportions; with lofty brow, majestic mien and stately carriage but benign loving expression. It is Wisdom, and she beckons to us with irresistible charm.

In the traceries of her garments are the figures of patriarch, prophet and priestly king, familiar characters of the Old Testament, woven into an historical panorama of Jewish tradition.

This Jewish conception of personified Wisdom, the counselor of God, as it were one of the Trinity rather than an attribute of the Almighty, is the prevailing attitude of the writer all through the book.

In the supposed prayer of the youthful King Solomon he appeals to God to send him Wisdom, "who was with Thee and knoweth Thy works, and was present when Thou madest the world and knew what was acceptable in Thy sight."

In the earlier centuries, when criticism had not touched religious subjects "The Wisdom of Solomon" was supposed to have been written by Solomon simply because it bore his name and courted wisdom; but under the light of intelligent criticism, that belief was quickly dispelled. In this case, however, it was much easier to say who did not write it than who did.

The book was evidently written in Greek originally, though by a Jew or one who was well versed in Jewish literature. The reverent attitude toward the Holy Book and writers, and Jewish law and traditions bespeaks his Jewish birth and education.

The language abounds in Hebrew expressions and proves that the authors had been trained amid Jewish environments, yet it shows a singular mastery over the Greek language in its development. Many Old Testament phrases and illustrations are used. Probably: First, because the writer was a Jew; secondly, because he was familiar with the Greek version of the Scriptures; thirdly, because he was addressing himself to his own countrymen and, fourthly, because of a literary desire to write in accordance with his assumed character of King Solomon.

The structure of the writer's periods are Hebraic, although he occasionally shows by some faultlessly elaborate sentence, that he could as easily have adopted the Greek style had he chosen.

This is especially true in the earlier chapters but he abandons it later as it seems to prove a restriction to the play of his imaginative genius.

Some of his epigrammatic sentences have all the pithy terseness of *one Hebrew* of Solomon's proverbs, but he is fanciful rather than pungent, though not lacking in profound inception.

Sometimes the reader is troubled by vague obscurity as if the writer was lost in the mysteries of his own labyrinths, but this may be the result of trying to maintain the lofty style of his illustrious master.

Yet, with all its faults, many able critics pronounce The Book of the Wisdom of Solomon, the most valuable of the Apochryphal writings. An eminent rabbi

of Portland, Dr. Wise of Temple Beth, a profound Hebrew scholar and a man of thought as well as action, says, he would be glad to see this book change places with the Proverbs of Solomon itself. The good rabbi believes the lofty conceptions of Wisdom, and her teachings far transcend, in spiritual value, the homely proverbs of the wise man.

In style, it most resembles The Epistle to the Hebrews, but to us, that epistle is incomparably more original, more helpful and richer in divine instruction.

This book marks the highest point of religious knowledge attained by the Jews betwen the Old Testament canon and the beginning of the Gospel dispensation.

The conclusion, from all testimony by able commentators, is that the writer was an Alexandrian Jew, well versed in Greek literature and familiar with Greek poetry both tragic and lyric.

He personates King Solomon in his youth, but from quotations from prophets who lived later we are assured that he had no intention or desire to deceive his readers. He followed a common custom of that time in using the name and assuming the character of his distinguished countryman.

He evidently had studied, admired and absorbed the alleged writings of the wise sovereign. He recognized him as a man of practical sagacity as well as the "extemporizer of the loftiest litany the world has ever known." His pungent, pithy proverbs expressed with a marvelous terseness of diction are sublime examples of Hebraic power expressed in thought.

One who dwelt in worshipful admiration with this kind of literature would necessarily become imbued with the same lofty spirit and a desire to re-impart to the world these same teachings of wisdom, and strengthen general interest by giving them modern application. He evidently is trying to say to princes and rulers what he thinks King Solomon would say.

Some critics say the book is the composite work of several writers, hence that appearance of being unfinished; but the most reliable commentators pronounce it the work of one man.

This book is divided into two, some say three, parts. The first six chapters contain encomiums on wisdom which all and especially kings are enjoined to obtain and apply in their kingly administrations.

So emphatically does he express the advantages she brings to her children and so often does he reiterate the incalculable loss to those who reject her teachings, that the reader is led to believe that there was some particular sovereign at whom it was directed.

The thoughtful reader of the book, while giving the writer due credit for fine conceptions, beauty of expression and polished diction, will feel that he does not reach that profound inception of the book of Proverbs whose terseness of expression and rugged integrity far transcends beauty of diction or poetic thought.

The seventeenth chapter of this book is said to have suggested and furnished inspiration for Dante's immortal poem. One who reads this chapter can readily believe this to be true. JULIA C. LA BARRE.

Portland, Ore.

Remember, then, that I at least have warned *you* that the happiness of your life, and its power, and its part and rank in earth or in heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now. —*John Ruskin.*

"There is a courtesy of the heart; it is allied to love; from it springs the purest courtesy in the outward behaviour." —*Goethe.*

The Oak Said to the Eagle.

(From the Irish)

The Oak said to the Eagle,
  How old art thou?
Clouds and the sunlight regal
  Are on thy brow.

But the Eagle: Thine age brother,
  Tell it again.
We are old both one and the other,
  Past dreams of men.

And the Oak: Mine age hath thriven
  A thousand years,
'Gainst the winds and the rains of heaven,
  And the lightning's spears.

I have seen men born and buried,
  How long, how long?
The race of the red deer harried,
  That was so strong.

But the Eagle laughed out scornful:
  Thou dost not know
Thou greybeard, ragged and mournful,
  How youth doth go.

As an eaglet cock I knew thee
  An acorn smooth,
When the wind from the tree-top blew thee.
  Look at my youth!

Thou that art groaning and hoary
  That Time doth kill,
Look at me, clouds for my glory,
  An eaglet still.

—*Katherine Tynan Hinkson.*

The Annunciation.

There is whispering in the forest
When the golden sunshine wakens
The sleeping forest sisters—
Fragrant spruces, virgin birches,
And the undulating maples.
There is whispering in the valley
When the golden sunshine wakens
The sleeping valley sisters—
Dainty flowers and the fruit trees
With their memories maternal.
There is whispering on the mountain
When the golden sunshine wakens
The sleeping mountain sisters—
Lissome grasses, lowly mosses,
Tender shrubs most meek and maiden.

Holy trees and holy grasses!
Holy mosses, holy flowers!
They have heard the blessed message
That was whispered unto Mary
When she trembled and was happy.

Art thou weary? Seek the forest—
Nature's nunnery primeval,
Where the nuns are praying, praying.
Listen once and thou shalt hear them,
And thy heaviness shall leave thee.
Art thou lonely? Seek the valley—
There the humble ever gather.
Bend but once above its bosom,
Hid by vestments green and golden,
Thou shalt hear the Earth-Heart beating.
Art thou broken? Seek the mountain.
Lift thy face to starry splendors,
To the blue that smiles upon thee,
To the breath that ever woos thee,
And thy spirit shall be solaced.

There is whispering in the heavens,
On the mountains, in the valleys;
And the whispers turn to singing—
Listen, listen, you shall hear it!—
As Spring advances.

—*Howard V. Sutherland, in Impressions Quarterly.*

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—I love my friends better than superfluities; and I prefer a man of letters to a good cook and two carriage horses. One always has enough for others when one knows how to restrict oneself.

MON.—No great things without great trouble.

TUES.—All men are equal; worth, not birth, makes the difference between them.

WED.—One has time for everything if one chooses to use it.

THURS.—Literature nourishes the soul, rectifies it, consoles it.

FRI.—I know no great men except those who have rendered great services to the human race.

SAT.—Controversy never convinced any man; men can be influenced by making them think for themselves.

—*Voltaire.*

Paradise and the Peri;

We print just enough of this poem to tempt the reader to renew or form acquaintance with the old classic Lalla Rookh.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listened to the Springs
  Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
  Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

'How happy!' exclaim'd this child of air,
Are the holy spirits who wander there,
  ''Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
  One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all!
Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,
  And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of Singsu hay,
And the golden floods, that thitherward stray
Yet—oh, 'tis only the blest can say
  How the waters of heaven outshine them all!

'Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
  As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
  'One minute of heaven is worth them all!

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
  From Eden's fountains, when it lies
On the blue flower, which—Bramins say—
  Blooms nowhere but in Paradise!
'Nymph of a fair, but erring line!'
Gently he said—'One hope is thine,
  ''Tis written in the Book of Fate,
  The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
  The gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;—
'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in!'
Rapidly a comet's run
To th' embraces of the sun:—
Fleeter than the starry brands,
Flung at night from angel hands
At those dark and daring sprites,
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
  And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
  Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for Heaven?—I know
The wealth, 'she cries,' of every urn,
In which unnumbered rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;—
I know where the Isles of Perfume are
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright Araby;—
I know too where the Genii hid
The jewell'd cup of their king Jamshid,
With life's elixir sparkling high—
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shown
Like the steps of Alla's wonderful Throne?
And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be
In the boundless Deep of Eternity.'

—*Thomas Moore.*

The Little Newsboy.

A pleasant feeling of benevolence is apt to come over the Unenlightened as he buys his newspaper of the very littlest child who offers it to him on the street corner. He does not realize that these children should not be allowed to do this work and that when he patronizes them he is encouraging an evil. It is obviously wrong that these little boys and girls should enter this field of bread-winning, and it only needs a little thought to appreciate it. Miss Addams has often called attention to it, but the message needs to be spread. If you buy your paper of an adult you help to correct this evil. E. T. K.

A London Gentleman.

A London gentleman, who had a beautiful collie, provided him with a collar on which the owner's name and address were engraved. On being asked whether this had ever served to bring the dog back to him, he told the following interesting incident:

"On one occasion I lost Scoti in Piccadilly. You know how much I rush about in hansom cabs, and Scoti always goes with me—we travel many miles in a week together in this way; but on this occasion I was walking and missed him. Search was in vain. The crowd was great, traffic drowned the sound of my whistle; and, after waiting awhile and looking elsewhere, I returned to my suburban home without my companion, and sorrowful, yet hoping that he might find his way back.

"In about two hours after my arrival a hansom cab drove up to the door, and out jumped Scoti. The cabman rang for his fare, and, thinking he had somehow captured the runaway, I inquired how and where he found him. 'Oh, sir,' said cabby, 'I didn't hail him at all. He hailed me. I was a-standing close by Sr. James' Church, a-looking out for a fare, when in jumps the dog. "Like his impudence," says I. So I shouts through the window; but he wouldn't stir. So I gets down and tries to pull him out, and shows him my whip; but he sits still and barks, as much as to say, "Go on, old man." As I seizes him by the collar I reads the name and address. "All right, my fine gentleman," says I. "I'll drive you where you're a-wanted, I dare say." So I shuts to the door, and my gentleman settles himself with his head just looking out, and I drives on till I stops at this here gate, when out jumps my passenger, a-clearing the door, and walks in as calmly as though he'd been a reg'lar fare. I gave my friend the cabman a liberal fare, and congratulated Scoti on his intelligence—be it instinct, or reason, or whatever it may be—that told him that hansom cabs had often taken him safely home, and therefore a hansom cab would probably do so again, now that he could not find his way and had lost his master."—*Boston Herald.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

The Western Conference News Letter for May has this note:

"The following incident illustrates the false idea which Evangelicals generally have of Unitarians: A young lady well known and respected for her character and ability, was asked to lead the prayer meeting of the Y. W. C. T. U. Not wishing to do it and not wanting to offend the asker by a blank refusal, she evaded the question. But the request was urgently pressed, and the young lady, thinking to destroy the urgency of the solicitor, said: "But you know I am a Unitarian!" "Oh," said she, "you don't have to read from the Bible if you don't want to."

And why "false idea?" Didn't the "evangelical" young lady tell the truth? Whatever may be the distinctive ear marks of a good "Unitarian," isn't it a distinctive characteristic of the true liberal in religion, that *his* Bible is without covers—his scripture is unrimmed, and that truly he "doesn't have to read from the Bible if he doesn't want to," i. e., if his thought is better illustrated, his emotion better expressed, by some other portion of those religious meditations, those sublime thoughts, those passionate outreachings toward reality, that rise from the hearts of the faithful in all ages, and now and here as truly as in ancient Judea? He may if he choose—doubtless, he often will—read from the beautiful leaves of the Hebrew singers and prophets; but, if he has caught the truly liberal spirit, his conventional attitude toward *the* Bible, his feeling of the necessity of reading *it* and nothing else in his services, will have given way to a reverence for the informing soul behind the Bibles of humanity, Bibles that are made, and Bibles that are being made; and he will not force his soul to confine itself to one ancient book, which can but poorly fill all the pressing needs of *our* world. In very truth, "you don't have to read from *the* Bible if you don't want to."

R. P. D.

Foreign Notes.

INDIA'S NEW PATRIOTISM.—Says *New India:* Patriotism is assuming a new shape and meaning among us to-day. There was patriotism of a kind among the educated class of thirty or forty years ago; it was, however, in spite of its sincerity and exuberance, such as have left a permanent impression upon the mind and character of the older generations of our political and social leaders,—something positively more outlandish than indigenous and decidedly more sentimental than real. English literature, European and American history; stories of the fights for freedom among western nations, these were the principal sources of our patriotic inspirations in those days. Pym, Hampden, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Kossuth and Washington were then the models of young India. The annals of the English rebellion, the American war of independence, the French revolution, all these furnished us with our ideals of civic freedom.

* * *

The old patriotism panted for the realities of Europe and America only under an Indian name; not for the realities of India,—not its color and contour, nor its tone and expression, nor its ideals and associations, but only its name was the object of our love then. In the name of India we loved Europe, and therefore we fed our fancy not upon Indian but European idylls, European arts, European thought, European culture. We loved the abstraction we called India, but, yes, we hated the thing that it actually was. Our patriotism was not composed of our love for our own history, our own literature, our own arts and industries, our own customs and institutions. Not even was it allied to any affection for the masses of our people, even as they are. Their ignorance and their superstition, their nakedness and their poverty, their dirt and squalor, all these actually repelled us. Our love for our people was something like the pious love of the Christian missionaries for the heathen for whose salvation they are so anxious.

The one great good that the social and religious reactions of the last twenty years have done is to cure us, to a very large extent of this old, this unreal, this imaginary and abstract patriotism. Love of India now means a loving regard for the very configurations of this continent,—a love for its rivers and mountains, for its paddy fields and its arid, sandy plains, its towns and villages, however uncouth or insanitary these might be; a love for the flora and fauna of India, an affectionate regard for its natural beauties and even for its wild and ugly exuberance of vegetation; a love for its sweating, swarthy populations, unshod and unclad; a love for the dirt-clothed village urchins, unwashed and unkempt, for the village wives and maidens innocent of culture and civilization as culture and civilization are usually understood, a love, as Babu Rabindranath put it the other day at the Classic theatre, for the muddy, weed-entangled village lanes, the moss-covered, stinky village ponds, and for the poor, the starved, the malaria-stricken peasant populations of the country; a love for its languages, its literatures, its philosophies, its religions, a love for its culture and civilization,—this is the characteristic of this new patriotism and we owe it, it must be said, to a very large extent, to the religious and social reactions of the last twenty-five years.

It is as yet, this new patriotism—a very feeble sentiment in the community, it is true. It has yet to be rationalized in some cases, and thus cured of the elements of unreason that dominated to a large extent the reactionary spirit to which it owes its birth. It has yet to be cultivated and deepened in the case of all. We want poets, composers, novelists, men of action and organizers to feed this new love and preach this new cult, and thinkers and system-builders also to work out this new philosophy of life. We hope we shall have them by and by, and when we have them, and this new ideal is fully revealed, it will usher a new era of hope and joy for the country such as we have not had as yet. The country is waiting for that day.

THE JAPANESE AND THE ROMANS.—Apropos of the anniversary of Simonoseki, *Le Signal de Geneve* speaks of the war with China as the triumphant entry of Japanese upon the scene of history. It was the brilliant first act of the drama, whose second was the campaign of 1904-5. We can imagine the Japanese celebrating this anniversary with a legitimate pride, all the greater because they have now repaired the humiliation inflicted on their national self-esteem by the forced retrocession of the Liao-Tung peninsula with Port Arthur.

Recalling then the charge still heard at intervals that the Japanese are mere superficial imitators, the article continues:

"The very ones who thus scornfully depreciate Japanese progress are lost in admiration over the old Romans in their successive conquests of the neighboring peoples. But listen to Montesquieu on the Romans and you will be forced to admit then these observations apply literally to the Japanese.

"Here, for instance, on borrowing from people more civilized than themselves: Romulus adopted (from the Sabines) their shield, which was large, in place of the small Argian shield he had used hitherto, and it is worthy of remark that what contributed most to make the Romans masters of the world is the fact that, having fought all peoples in turn, they invariably abandoned their own usages as soon as they found something better."

Is not that quite Japanese?

Will you have Bossuet, for variety, behold the opinion of the illustrious author of the Discourse on Universal history.

"Besides being themselves diligent and ingenious, they knew how to profit admirably by everything they saw among other peoples that was convenient in camps, order of battle, or fashion of arms, in a word whatever would facilitate either attack or defense. . . . Who does not know that they learned from the Carthaginians the construction of the galleys by means of which they defeated them, and in short that they adopted from all nations whatever knowledge these had that would aid in surpassing them all?"

Has the "Eagle of Manx" been sufficiently criticised for misjudging the people of the Far East? Behold him rehabilitated; one word showed he was thinking of the little Nippons as he rolled out these harmonious periods. For it would be hard to deny that the Japanese are Romans to the letter. We commend these reflections to instructors in our secondary schools as refreshing to their pupils. These will yawn no more while reading Montesquieu if for Sabines, Latin and Carthagianians they are shown the Koreans, the Chinese and the Russians.

M. E. H.

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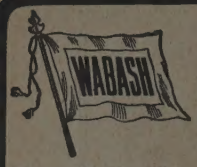

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